A Sentiment in Verse for Every Day in the Year

Compiled by WALTER L. SHELDON

Walter Sheldon – an old friend of mine – in the 90's and after. Director of the Ethical Society of St. Louis. Died some years ago.

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Compiled by

WALTER L. SHELDON

Lecturer of the Ethical Society
of St. Louis



Ethical Year Book No. 11

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Prefatory Note.

In issuing this little volume the one who has made the collection feels as if he were parting with something out of his own life. He has hesitated long in regard to the matter and now takes the step with much reluctance. He began making the compilation already in his High School days, over thirty years ago. It is still growing and will probably continue to do so. From this material he has been accustomed to make his selections for closing readings, following his discourses given under the auspices of the Ethical Society in St. Louis, on Sunday mornings. A strong desire has been expressed many times by those present on such occasions to have a collection of this kind. He has thought best therefore to yield to the wish—although the material thus brought together had been compiled wholly for himself and with no thought of the outside public. The selections are meant as uplifts for the spirit. Those who would expect merely to read the volume through and then lay it aside, had better let it alone altogether. It is not intended for miscellaneous perusal. The collection is designed rather for those who would like to have Scriptures in verse, which they might commit to memory and preserve for a life time. The volume therefore is adapted only for a special class of persons, and the compiler hopes that just these persons may find it and know how to value it. He trusts that some will be inclined to commit all the selections to memory and know them by heart. Only in this way will the book serve its true purpose. This is not a "calendar," to be read and discarded at the end of a year. Some families, however, may perhaps like to use it for readings once a day at the dinner table as a kind of "grace before meat." In that case it is urged very strongly that each selection always be read twice. One must first get the sense, and then hear the lines a second time in order to be able to appreciate the sentiment and the music without any strain or effort. As for the "Nature" thread which appears repeatedly, there may be some who feel that in the cramped conditions of city life this would have no meaning for them. But they are to be reminded that

from the standpoint of the poet, the flowers growing in their gardens, the dandelion by the wayside, the grass springing up along the pavements, the trees standing in the parks—these are all "Nature," quite as much as big lakes, thick forests or high mountains. Wordsworth can be enjoyed even by those who never get more than a few miles outside the city limits. Ethical piety may also include the cosmic element. As for the religious terms appearing in the selections, it has to be remembered that these are always far more elastic in their meaning when voiced in the music of verse than when found in prose literature. The language of religion in poetry expresses feeling and not philosophy and has a universal significance. Even those who rarely use these words in the form of a creed or as the abstractions of theology, may still cherish and value them as expressive of feelings or a faith universal in the human heart quite irrespective of sects, doctrines, or any one specific religion. In poetry each man is free to interpret "God" in his own way and to give to that name as wide or as narrow a meaning as he pleases. Hence it is that we may all be able to respond to certain language in the form of verse, when we may not be able to do this in the form of creeds. The art of poetry like that of music speaks for the sentiments natural to the human soul. We all have *feelings* which seem to go further than our thinking will carry us. It should be said that the compiler has taken the greatest care not to print anything from living authors without first getting their consent—except when it proved wholly impossible to locate them or communicate with them. He has thought best to let each selection, however, stand by itself without any name, and to give the author and the title of the full poem in an index at the end of the volume. The subjects attached to the various lines are of his own choosing, as suggesting what they mean to *him*, and do not come from the respective poets. He hopes that these selections may impart to others something of the comfort and strength and inspiration which they have given to him.

Walter L. Sheldon,
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WALTER L. SHELDON

LECTURER OF THE ETHICAL SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS

JAN. 1. **For Him Who Has Visions Of the Harvest Time.**

"And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

JAN. 2. **Of What Makes Life A Battle.**

"Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires."

JAN. 3. **Of What The Prophets Tell.**

"For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing."

JAN. 4. Of the Mission of Art.

"'Tis the privilege of Art
Thus to play its cheerful part,
Man in earth to acclimate,
And bend the exile to his fate,
And, molded to one element,
With the days and firmament,
Teach him on these as stairs to climb
And live on even terms with Time."

JAN. 5. Of Being A Free Man.

"Yet to this thought I hold with firm persistence,
The last result of wisdom stamps it true;
He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew."

JAN. 6. Of Nature's Great Law.

"What tho' the holy secret which moulds thee,
Moulds not the solid earth? tho' never winds
Have whispered it to the complaining sea,
Nature's great law, and law of all men's minds?—
To its own impulse every creature stirs;
Live by thy light, and earth will live by hers!"

JAN. 7. Of Him Who Is Above Envy.

"I envy not their hap
Whom favor doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.
To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing gain:
All states with others' ruin built
To ruins run amain."

JAN. 8. Of the World To Come.

"Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving."

JAN. 9. Of the One Law For Everybody.

"However others act towards thee
Act thou towards them as seemeth right;
And whatsoever others be,
Be thou the child of love and light."

JAN. 10. Of Being Ever Young.

"While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain:
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the age's gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young."

JAN. 11. Of the Pleasure In Resistance.

"Then, welcome each rebuff,
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

JAN. 12. **Of the Measure Of Greatness.**

"Toil on, then, Greatness! thou art in the right,
However narrow souls may call thee wrong;
Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou wilt in all the world's ere long;
For worldlings cannot, struggle as they may,
From man's great soul one great thought hide away,"

JAN. 13. **Of Memories Of the Beautiful.**

"These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration."

JAN. 14. **For Each And All.**

"Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man; and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.
He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.
The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—there lived a man!"

JAN. 15. Of One Who Has A Measure of Values.

"If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear one past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through:
What should I do?
I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day."

JAN. 16. Of the Kind of A Man We Like.

"I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humblest lot,
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

JAN. 17. Of the Pathway Of Duty.

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong."

JAN. 18. For Him Who Does His Best.

"Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts.
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow, follow thee."

JAN. 19. Of the Only Battle Worth the While.

"Come, join in the only battle
Wherein no man can fail;
Where whoso fall and dieth,
Yet his deed shall still prevail."

JAN. 20. Of Living by Law.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power
* * * to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

JAN. 21. A Plea for Steadfastness.

"Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night,
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,—
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance,—
Give me, *old granite gray.*"

JAN. 22. Of the Pathway of the True Self.

"We have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves—
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on forever unexpress'd."

JAN. 23. Of the Significance of Waiting.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Into the soul of pure delight.
The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

JAN. 24. Of the Song of the Spheres.

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light,
For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space.
Lo, yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!"

JAN. 25. Of the Self-poised Soul.

"No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown;
And when, in froward mood,
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go."

JAN. 26. Of Being Conscious of the Current Underneath.

"In the world's most crowded streets,
Often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true original course.
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where they go."

JAN. 27. Of What One Man Can Do.

"A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside."

JAN. 28. The Value of What Is Close at Hand.

"Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn!
Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching
All thy restless yearnings it would still,
Leaf and flower and laden bees are preaching
Thine own sphere, tho' humble, first to fill."

JAN. 29. Of "Duty and Work and Joy."

"The past was goodly once, and yet, when all is said,
The best of it we know is that it's done and dead.
Dwindled and faded quite, perished beyond recall,
Nothing is left at last of what one time was all.
Duty and work and joy—these things it cannot give;
And the present is life, and life is good to live.
Let it lie where it fell, far from the living sun,
The past that, goodly once, is gone and dead and done."

JAN. 30. Of What the Eternal Exacts of Us.

"Not souls severely white,
But groping for more light,
Are what Eternal Justice here demands.
Fear not: He made thee dust;
Cling to that sweet word—'Just;'
All's well with thee if thou art in just hands."

JAN. 31. Of What Comes First

"Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances toward the past.
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born;
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,
Each day will set its proper task."

FEB. 1. Of the Vista of Life.

"That care and trial seem at last
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair."

FEB. 2. Of the Infinite and Universal.

"Eternal Truth! beyond our hopes and fears
Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad spheres!
From age to age, while History carves sublime
On her waste rock the flaming curves of time,
How the wild swayings of our planet show
That worlds unseen surround the world we know!"

FEB. 3. Of Being a Man.

"A Creed is a rod
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God:—
To be man with thy might,—
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
And live out thy life as the light."

FEB. 4. Of the Wealth of the Spirit

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.
Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With thy wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little but our hearts are great."

FEB. 5. Philosophy in Verse

"Speak not of the transient,
Whatever its sphere;
To make self eternal,
Is our task here."

FEB. 6. Of the Game of Life

"The Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won—
This is the happy Warrior, this is he
That every Man in arms should wish to be."

FEB. 7. Of the Happiest Heart That Ever Beat

"Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.
The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest."

FEB. 8. Of the Scorn of Doubt.

"Not in most ancient Palestine,
Nor in the lightsome air of Greece,
Were human struggles more divine,
More blessed with guerdon of increase:
Take thou thy stand
In the workers' band.
Hast then no faith! Thine is the fault:—
What prophets, heroes, sages, saints,
Have loved, on thee still makes assault,
Thee with immortal things acquaints.
On life then seize:
Doubt is disease."

FEB. 9. Of that Which Survives.

"Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.
O the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!"

FEB. 10. Of the Mission of Love.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end.
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

FEB. 11. Of the Privilege of Having a Soul.

"Do bird and blossom feel, like me
Life's many-folded mystery,—
The wonder which it is To Be?
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness,
Alone o'erburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence!"

FEB. 12. Of Him Who Loves and Serves a Cause.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest,
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us;
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all their race."

FEB. 13. Of Sure Help for Those Who Are Faithful.

"When the enemy is near thee,
Call on us!
In our hands we will upbear thee,
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee.
Call on us!
Oh, and if thou dost not call,
Be thou faithful, that is all.
Go right on, and close behind thee
There shall follow still and find thee,
Help, sure help."

FEB. 14. Of the Sum of All Goodness.

"Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

FEB. 15. When Skies and Earth Shall Meet.

"It is a vision waiting and aware;
And you must draw it down, O men of worth—
Draw down the new Republic held in air,
And make for it foundations on the Earth."

FEB. 16. Of the Seasons of Life.

"Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest-home of day."

FEB. 17. Of the Self-Poised Stars.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.
Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

FEB. 18. Of Him Who Possesses Every Thing.

"Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;
This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all."

FEB. 19. Of Living to One End.

"And I moved it then and there,
Vowed all halfness to forswear,
In the whole, the good, the fair,
Resolutely living."

FEB. 20. Of Trust in the Outcome.

" 'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave
That pave a pathway sunward.
We're driven back in many a fray,
Yet never strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow."

FEB. 21. Of Keeping to the Pathway.

"Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.
Follow light, and do the Right—for man can half-control his doom—
Till you find the deathless angel seated in the vacant tomb."

FEB. 22. Of the True Man's Fatherland.

"O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!
Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland."

FEB. 23. Of the Influence of a Single Act.

"Nothing fails of its end.
Out of sight sinks the stone,
In the deep sea of time,
But the circles sweep on,
Till the low-rippled murmurs
Along the shores run,
And the dark and dead waters
Leap glad in the sun."

FEB. 24. Of the Memories that Cling

"I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart,
I keep my faded flower.
Where is the heart that doth not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,
Of days that are no more?
Who hath not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare—
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair?"

FEB. 25. A Prayer of Love and Submission.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done."

FEB. 26. Of the True Lent.

"Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?
No: 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul."

FEB. 27. Of the Web of Human Destiny.

"Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run."

FEB. 28. Of What the Mystic Sees

"Have I knowledge? counfounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the Infinite Care!
Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod."

FEB. 29. A Creed for Young and Old.

"Courage, ne'er by sorrow broken!
Aid where tears of virtue flow;
Faith to keep each promise spoken;
Truth alike to friend and foe!
'Fore kings' thrones a manly spirit!
Brothers, noble is the prize!
Honour due to ev'ry merit!
Death to all the brood of lies!"

MARCH 1. Of What Is Overhead.

"Ay! gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament!
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With thy bright vault, and sapphire wall,
Dost overhang and circle all.
O, when amid the throng of men,
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How willingly we turn us then
Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast,
For seats of innocence and rest!"

MARCH 2.

Of the Race
Where All Must Run.

"To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe."

MARCH 3.

Of the Vision
of Evangeline.

"As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her."

MARCH 4.

Of the "Three
Firm Friends."

"Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
A good, great man? Three treasures,—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day or night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

MARCH 5. For Him Who Will Make the Effort.

"The star of the unconquered will,
It rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.
O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

MARCH 6. Of the Will to Do and Dare.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near to God is man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

MARCH 7. Of the "Shaft of Light."

"Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?"

MARCH 8. Of the Resurrection.

"Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
Whate'er befell,
Earth is not hell;
Now, too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief:
Or at least, faith unbelief."

MARCH 9. Of One Kind of Immortality.

"To have struck one blow for truth
In the daily fight with lies;
To have done one deed of right
In the face of calumnies,
To have sown in the souls of men
One thought that will not die—
To have been a link in the chain of life;—
Shall be immortality."

MARCH 10. Of the Man We All Love.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play."

MARCH 11. Of the True Surrender.

"And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew—
With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too—
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet!"

MARCH 12. For Him Who Sorrows.

"Tho at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—
We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

MARCH 13. Of Him Who Persists.

"For myself alone I doubt;
All is well, I know, without;
I alone the beauty mar,
I alone the music jar.
Yet, with hands by evil stained,
And an ear by discord pained,
I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies;
Still within my heart I bear
Love for all things good and fair."

MARCH 14. Of the Symbols of the Soul.

"How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its own vitality."

MARCH 15. Of the Silent Heroes.

"Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone."

MARCH 16. Of Empire Universal.

"Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with all her flowers."

MARCH 17. Of the "Good Old Times."

"Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.
But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats."

MARCH 18. Of the Inmost Center in Us All.

"The lore you praise and I neglect,
The labors and the precepts of old times,
I have not slightly disesteemed. But, friends,
Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe;
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness."

MARCH 19. Of the Resurrection of the Dead.

"But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

MARCH 20. Of the Judge and His Judgment.

"Him only, pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

MARCH 21. Of the Dreamer's Vision.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be,
When the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

MARCH 22. Of the Hours of Yearning.

"Ah, when, within our narrow chamber
The lamp with friendly lustre glows,
Flames in the breast each faded ember,
And in the heart, itself that knows.
Then hope again lends sweet assistance,
And reason then resumes her speech:
One yearns, the rivers of existence,
The very founts of Life, to reach."

MARCH 23. An Inspiration for Those Who Know What it is to Love.

—"May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense,
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

MARCH 24. Of the Reality That is Better Than Illusions.

"I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor."

MARCH 25. Of the Whole Duty of Man.

"Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

MARCH 26. For Him Who Would Keep Moving.

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward! unswerving,—
And that is true rest."

MARCH 27. Of the Abodes of Peace.

"If solid happiness we prize
Within ourselves this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From ourselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home."

MARCH 28. Of the Final Truth.

"I have gone the whole round of creation: I saw and I spoke:
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of his handiwork—returned him again
His creation's approval or censure: I spoke as I saw:
I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law."

MARCH 29. Of the Way to Climb.

"We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.
The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

MARCH 30. Of Art At its Best.

"That kind one ne'er forget who, as in sport
Thy youth to noble aspirations train'd,
And who to thee in easy riddles taught
The secret how each virtue might be gain'd;
In Industry, the Bee the palm may bear;
In Skill, the Worm a lesson may impart;
With Spirits, blest, thy Knowledge thou dost share;
But thou, O man, alone *hast Art*!"

MARCH 31.

Of the Reasons Why Some Men Do Not Stumble.

"There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

APRIL 1.

Of the Everlasting Spring.

"Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love awakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift,
The warm rosebuds below."

APRIL 2.

Of Success That is Sure.

"What is it, that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?
And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?
Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay."

APRIL 3. Of the True Progress.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

APRIL 4. Of What Evangeline Had Learnt.

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike."

APRIL 5. Of the Thing That Makes Us Men.

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo they are!
I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
It is everywhere in the world,—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And there! Ye have heard and seen: Consider and bow the head."

APRIL 6. Of What Gives Glory to Star and Blossom

"Yet these sweet sounds of the early season
And these fair sights of its sunny days
Are only sweet when we fondly listen
And only fair when we fondly gaze.
There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by."

APRIL 7. A Sigh for a Lull In the Storm.

"Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!"

APRIL 8. Of Him Who Sees At First Hand.

"The clouded hill attend thou still,
And him that went within.
He yet shall bring some worthy thing
For waiting souls to see:
Some sacred word that he has heard
Their light and life shall be;
Some lofty part, than which the heart
Adopt no nobler can,
Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe
And thou shalt do, O Man!"

APRIL 9. Of Rest from the City's Jar.

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live."

APRIL 10. Of the Passion for Labor.

"Droop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are round thee,
Bravely fling off the old chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content, in thy darkness,—a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God."

APRIL 11. For Him Who Appreciates Spring Time.

"I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.
The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.
No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here."

APRIL 12. Of Life's Building Blocks.

"Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

APRIL 13. Of the Mixture of Good and Evil.

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee, who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round."

APRIL 14. Of the Temple Not Made With Hands.

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

APRIL 15. Of the Handwriting on the Soul.

"In every heart some viewless founts are fed
From far-off hillsides where the dews were shed;
On the worn features of the weariest face
Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace."

APRIL 16. Of Our Regard for the Dead.

"My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in their past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind."

APRIL 17. Of Earning One's Living.

"Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

APRIL 18. Of the Time of Awakening.

"Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.
And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love."

APRIL 19. Of Something Better Than Coronets.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

APRIL 20. Of Being A King.

"Content I live; this is my stay,—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my *mind* supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my *mind* doth bring."

APRIL 21. If One Would Only Try.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

APRIL 22. Of Being Receptive

"Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous form of things:—
We murder to dissect.
Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives."

APRIL 23. Where All Shall Meet in One.

"Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

APRIL 24. Of the Dimensions of Life.

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Altho it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

APRIL 25. Of "Spinning on Forever."

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

APRIL 26. Of Nature to the Naturalist.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'
And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.
'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'"

APRIL 27. Of the Way the Eternal Sees.

"But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's account:
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

APRIL 28. Of the Present Wrong and the Eternal Right.

"I, too, am weak, and faith is small,
And blindness happeneth unto all.
Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And step, by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man."

APRIL 29. For Him Who Knows How to Listen.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?
One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

APRIL 30. Of the Love of the Beautiful.

"Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

MAY 1. Of What Each Day Can Give.

"Not by deeds that gain the world's applauses,
Not by works that win thee world renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.
Daily struggling, tho unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live."

MAY 2. Of the Meaning of Freedom.

"Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No, true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free."

MAY 3. Of the Phantoms of the Good.

"Ever their phantoms rise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood.
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good."

MAY 4. Of the Sainted Living.

"And on that cheek and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!"

MAY 5. Of What Should Come of Longing.

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.
Still, through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what *Life*
Carves in the marble Real."

MAY 6. Of Him Who Has Wholesome Wisdom.

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in Love of God and Love of man."

MAY 7. Of Nature's Climbing Soul.

"Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

MAY 8. Of Him Who Never Rests.

"To insight profounder
Man's spirit must dive;
His aye-rolling orbit
At no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old."

MAY 9. Of the Two Voices.

"Hears not also mortal life?
Hear nor we, unthinking Creatures,
Slaves to folly, love or strife—
Voices of two different natures?
Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear,
For of God,—of God they are."

MAY 10. Of the Origin of Sacred Literature

"Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bibles old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe."

MAY 11. Of the Signs Of Promise.

"I hear the soul of Man around me waking,
Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,
Every hour new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free,
For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell
Of inward strife for truth and liberty."

MAY 12. For Him Who Would Offer Prayer.

"Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;
To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!"

MAY 13. Of the Glory Unspeakable.

"The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave and free.
A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!"

MAY 14. When the Soul Is Awake.

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.
Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

MAY 15. Of Heaven and Hell.

"O restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?
Heaven and Hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.
Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
Why queriest thou?
The Past and the time to be are one,
And both are NOW!"

MAY 16. Of the Heaven Everywhere.

"Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie,
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not."

MAY 17. Of the Impulse to Happiness.

"The showers of the spring
Rouse the birds, and they sing;
If the wind do but stir for his proper delight,
Each leaf, that and this, his neighbor will kiss;
Each wave, one and t'other, speeds after his brother;
They are happy, for that is their right."

MAY 18. Of What Makes or Mars.

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

MAY 19. Of What Life is For.

"For life, with all it yields of joy or woe,
And hope and fear, * * * *
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is;
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And, having gained truth, keep truth: that is all."

MAY 20. Of a Presence to be Felt and Known.

"He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."

MAY 21. Of Those Obscure in Destiny

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

MAY 22. Of "Man's Chief Attribute."

"The thoughtless man we must despise,
Who disregards the thing he shapes.
This forms a man's chief attribute,
And Reason is to him assign'd,
That what his hand may execute,
Within his heart, too, he should find."

MAY 23. Of Yearning Onward.

"Alas the wings that lift the mind no aid
Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me,
Yet in each soul is born the pleasure
Of yearning onward, upward and away,
When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
The lark sends down his flickering lay,—
When over crags and piny highlands
The poising eagle slowly soars,
And over plains and lakes and islands
The crane sails by to other shores."

MAY 24. Empire "transfused by Power of Thought."

"Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.
Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of Thought."

MAY 25. Of the Spirit's Voyage.

"We have past Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day."

MAY 26. Of the Mood of Worship.

"The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.
The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer."

MAY 27. Of the Way to Sing.

"No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way."

MAY 28. Of the Pleasures of the Mind.

"When all is done and said,
In the end this shall you find:
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind;
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem, can be content,
The sweetest time in all his life
In *thinking* to be spent."

MAY 29. Of the Stillness of the Infinite.

"The bird winging the evening sky
Flies onward without song;
The crowding years as they pass by
Flow on in mutest throng.
With sweetest music silence blends,
And silent praise is best;
In silence life begins and ends:
God cannot be expressed."

MAY 30. Of One's Debt to the Past.

"I had my birth where stars were born,
In the dim æons of the past;
My cradle cosmic forces rocked,
And to my first was linked my last.
For me, through fire and blood and tears,
Man struggled onward up the height,
On which, at last, from heaven falls
An ever clearer, broader light.
The child of all the ages, I,
Nursed on the exhaustless breasts of time;
By heroes thrilled, by sages taught,
Sung to by bards of every clime."

MAY 31. Of the Truths of the Spirit.

"O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!"
"Truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!"

JUNE 1. Of the Land of Dreams.

"One calm sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!
Far off from those hills that shine with day
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goest stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.
So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife:
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life."

JUNE 2. Of the Love of Nature.

"For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

JUNE 3. Of the Remorse of Guinevere.

"Ah my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another."

JUNE 4. Of the Inspiration One May Receive From a Beautiful Day.

"Through every fiber of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.
I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.
O Gift of God! O perfect day;
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!"

JUNE 5. Of Each and All.

"All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye."

JUNE 6. When the Soul Communes With Nature.

"That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: * * * *
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

JUNE 7. Of Choosing Sides.

"By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;
By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past;
And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's freedom died,
O my people! O my brothers! let us choose the righteous side."

JUNE 8. Of the Power of Second Birth

"I come to overthrow the ancient wrong,
To let the joy of nations rise again;
I am Unselfish Service, I am Song,
I am the Hope that feeds the hearts of men.
I am the Vision in the world-eclipse,
And where I pass the feet of Beauty burn;
And when I set the bugle to my lips,
The youth of work-worn ages will return."

JUNE 9. Of the Colors of Nature and Their Meaning.

"I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say:
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a world in you this day.
O green is the color of faith and truth,
And rose the color of love and youth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
Sweet earth is faithful, and fruitful and young,
And her bridal day shall come ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams
And the whispering woodlands say."

JUNE 10. Of the World Invisible.

"It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers."

JUNE 11. Of the Victory Over Death.

"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
Triumphant smiles the victor brow;
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;—
Where is, O grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious death! thy sting?"

JUNE 12. Of Keeping Calm In a Storm.

"Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence; a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.
This is the Happy Warrior, this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

JUNE 13. Of Something Better Than Philosophy.

"O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet!"

JUNE 14. A Craving for Strength.

"O everlasting Might!
My broken life repair;
Nerve thou my will and clear my sight,
Give strength to do and bear.
O everlasting Love!
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down thy fullness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!"

JUNE 15. Of Beholding Things of Higher Worth.

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
And would we aught behold of higher worth,
Than that inanimate, cold world allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!"

JUNE 16. For Him Who is Determined.

"And virtue is more than a mere empty sound,
His practice through life man may make it,
And though oft, ere he yet the divine one has found,
He may stumble, he still may o'ertake it.
And that which the wise in his wisdom ne'er knew,
Can be done by the mind that is childlike and true."

JUNE 17. Of Being Thrilled By an Inward Sense.

"Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes,
Their beauty thrills him by an inward sense;
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence
The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness."

JUNE 18. Of the Mission of the Body.

"What is he but a brute
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

JUNE 19. Of Living Forever.

"Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives."

JUNE 20. Of Cosmic Beauty.

"For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every cune,
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

JUNE 21. Of the Sermons in Stones.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

JUNE 22. Of the Joy of Elevated Thoughts.

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

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JUNE 23. Of the Childlike Heart.

"The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.
Alone to guilelessness and love
The gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all!"

JUNE 24. Of the Right Kind of Love.

"The warrior for the True, the Right,
Fights in Love's name;
The love that lures thee from that fight
Lures thee to shame;
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
The spirit free,—
That love or none, is fit for one
Man-shaped like thee."

JUNE 25. Of Those Things We May Trust In.

"I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of Beauty and Utility. Spring shall plant,
And Autumn garner to the end of time:
I trust in God—the Right shall be the Right
And other than the Wrong, while He endures—
I trust in my own Soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good and God's."

JUNE 26. Of Him Who Is Not Passion's Slave.

"For thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stops she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

JUNE 27. Of the Bird's Flight Upward.

"What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?
Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?"

JUNE 28. In the Name of the Power, Not Ourselves, That Makes for Righteousness.

"A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

JUNE 29. A Daily Prayer for Men in the Market.

"Unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

JUNE 30. Of the Flight of Time.

"O, leave me, still, the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay,
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day:
Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast:
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
And all thy pains are quickly past."

JULY 1. Of What We Ought to Reverence.

"Learn more reverence, * * * * not for rank or wealth—*that* needs no learning;
That comes quickly—quick as sin does, ay, and culminates to sin,
But for Adam's seed, MAN! Trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,
With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath within."

JULY 2. Of the Life of Service.

"And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve."

JULY 3. Of What the Best Life Consists In.

"To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man—
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized."

JULY 4. Of the Fatherland.

"What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare."

JULY 5. Old Fashioned Wisdom in Verse

"Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all."

JULY 6. Of the Sensitive Plant.

"That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never past away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.
For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure."

JULY 7. Of the Union of Greatness and Humility.

"True dignity abides with him alone,
Who in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart."

JULY 8. Of the Kingdom We Hope For.

"Ay, for doubtless I am old and think gray thoughts, for I am gray;
After all the stormy changes shall we find a changeless May?
When the schemes and all the systems, Kingdoms and Republics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier,—all for each, and each for all?"

JULY 9. Of Our Kinship With All Living Things.

"And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the selfsame universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.
In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human beings."

JULY 10. Of the Whispering Voices.

"Ever the words of the gods resound;
But the porches of man's ear
Seldom in this low life's round
Are unsealed, that he may hear.
Wandering voices in the air,
And murmurs in the wold,
Speak what I cannot declare,
Yet cannot all withhold."

JULY 11. That Our Work Shall Go On.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.
What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?"

JULY 12. Of the Silent Heroes.

"Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mold and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart:
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame
Gentlest, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame:
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of other's pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away."

JULY 13. Of the Good for its Own Sake.

"The wisest man could ask no more of fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the many, honored by the few;
Nothing to crave in Church or World or State,
But inwardly in secret to be great."

JULY 14. Of What Shall Come if We Have Faith.

"Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!"

JULY 15. For Them Who Keep Heart.

"Tho hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes,
With smiling features glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow."

JULY 16. From Thought to Achievement.

"Wait,—wait, undoubting, for the winds have caught
From our bold speech the heritage of thought;
And thought unfettered grows through speech to deeds,
As the broad forest marches in its seeds.
What tho we perish ere the day is won?
Enough to see its glorious work begun!"

JULY 17. Of the Links Between the Past and the Future.

"Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall reappear.
We live our life again:
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain.
Man's work shall follow him."

JULY 18. Of What Shall Endure.

"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure."

JULY 19. Of the Joy of Living.

"There's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?"

JULY 20. Of the Time When the Soul Shall Triumph.

"Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

JULY 21. Of the Spiritual Depths.

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen."

JULY 22. Of the Peace that Passeth Understanding.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his dark musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

JULY 23. Of the New World's Gospel.

"Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who dares
Look up to thee, the Father,—dares to ask
More than thy wisdom answers.
I claim the right of knowing whom I serve,
Else is my service idle; he that asks
My homage asks it from a reasoning soul.
We who have rolled the sphere beneath our feet
To find a virgin forest, as we lay
The beams of our rude temple, first of all
Must frame its doorway high enough for man
To pass unstooping.
This is the new world's gospel: Be ye men!"

JULY 24. Of the Cosmic Spirit At the Center.

"Not for sport of mind and force
Hast Thou made Thy Universe,
But as atmosphere and zone
Of Thy loving heart alone."

JULY 25. Of Joy in the Woods.

"Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.
My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity."

JULY 26. Of the Choice Inevitable.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Tho' the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong."

JULY 27. It May Be Sometime.

"O Spirit vast and deep as Night and Heaven!
Mother and soul of all to which is given
The light of life, the loveliness of being,
Lo! thou dost reascend the human heart.
Scorn and Hate,
Revenge and Selfishness are desolate—
A hundred nations swear that there shall be
Pity and Peace and Love, among the good and free!"

JULY 28. Of Kinship Everywhere.

"The wood is wiser far than thou;
The wood and wave each other know.
Not unrelated, unallied,
But to each thing and thought allied
Is perfect Nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty Heart."

JULY 29. Of the Soul's Bible.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan."

JULY 30. Of One's "Daily Bread."

"That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,—
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine."

JULY 31. Of the Things that are Most Precious.

"Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save."

AUG. 1. From the Chorus of Spirits.

"We'll pass the eyes
Of the starry skies
Into the hoar deep to colonize:
Death, Chaos, and Night,
From the sound of our flight,
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.
And Earth, Air and Light,
And the Spirit of Might,
Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight;
And Love, Thought and Breath,
The powers that quell Death,
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath."

AUG. 2. Of Duty and How it Sustains.

"There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts: without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
O! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
Around them cast."

AUG. 3. Practical Wisdom in Rhyme.

"Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold;
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

AUG. 4. Of Heights and Depths.

"Inaudible move day and night,
And noiseless grows the flower;
Silent are pulsing wings of light,
And voiceless fleets the hour.
The highest thoughts no utterance find,
The holiest hope is dumb,
In silence grows the immortal mind,
And speechless deep joys come."

AUG. 5. Of What We Have Not Done.

"If I have faltered more or less,
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not! if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake."

AUG. 6. Of the Soul's Surrender to the Infinite.

"Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of Deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

AUG. 7. Of Riches in Heaven.

"For this is my kingdom: my peace with my neighbor;
The clasp of a hand or the warmth of a smile,
The sweetness of toil as the fruit of my labor,—
The glad joy of living and working the while;
The birds and the flowers and the blue skies above me,
The green of the meadows, the gold of the grain;
A song in the evening, a dear heart to love me,—
And just enough pleasure to balance the pain."

AUG. 8. Of the Reasons for Waiting.

"Be patient, O be patient! the germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be wrought;
Be patient, O be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way
Till it parts the scarcely-broken ground and the blade stands up in the day."

AUG. 9. Of Marching On.

"Beneath this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will;
Moves one, move all: hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, forever!
By night like stars on high,
The Hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all: hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, forever!"

AUG. 10. Of the Smile of Cheer.

"When I approach the setting sun,
And feel my journey nearly done,
May earth be veiled in genial light,
And her last smile to me seem bright!
Help me till then to kindly view
The world that I am passing through!"

AUG. 11. Of What All Can Do.

"Thy nature, which, through fire and flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty's holiest call obey."

AUG. 12. Of Him Who Believes in Justice.

"Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before."

AUG. 13. Of Faith Stronger than Illusion.

"And so, noble soul, forget not the law,
And give the true faith thy seal;
What ear never heard and eye never saw,
The Beautiful, the True, they are real.
Look not without, as the fool may do;
It is in thee and ever created anew."

AUG. 14. Of the Value of Longing.

"Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And *realize* our longing."

AUG. 15. Of the Kingdom of Heaven.

"The eye shall fail that searches
For me the hollow sky;
The far is even as the near,
The low is as the high.
The stern behest of duty,
The doom-book open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone."

AUG. 16. Of the Spur to the Soul.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eye seeks in vain."

AUG. 17. Of the Ancient Sanctuaries.

"Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? * * * *
The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

AUG. 18. Of What We Ought to See.

"By misery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou seest a Man
In prince or peasant,—slave or lord,—
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.
Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on *the man* within."

AUG. 19. Of Love that is Stronger than Death.

"Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs,
And folds over the world its healing wings."

AUG. 20. Of What the Spirit Tells Us.

"Out of darkness
Into light.
And out of light
Into darkness again:
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!
There must be Something,
Above or below;
Somewhere unseen
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless eye
That sees the arrows
Fly and fly;
One who knows
Why we live—and die."

AUG. 21. Of Belief that the Right Must Win.

"Bless'd, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie.
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

AUG. 22. Of the Change We Hope For.

"There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into grey!
Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!"

AUG. 23. Of Peace Everlasting.

"The time shall come when earth shall be
A garden of joy, from sea to sea,
When the slaughterous sword is drawn no more,
And goodness exults from shore to shore.
Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is free,
Till goodness shall hold high jubilee!"

AUG. 24. That it Will Come Out Right Sometime.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his deep designs,
And works his sovereign will.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

AUG. 25. Of True Giving.

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

AUG. 26. Of the Final Goal.

"O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
That not a worm is cloven in vain,—
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.
Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good will fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."

AUG. 27. Of Those Who Would Be in the Lead.

"O resistless restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers, O pioneers!
Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers, O pioneers!"

AUG. 28. Of Serving by Submission.

"Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

AUG. 29. Of Service in Small Things.

"For the distant still thou yearnest,
And behold, the good so near!
If to *use* the good thou learnest,
Thou wilt surely find it here."

AUG. 30. Of the Changing That is Not Dying.

"When will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting?
When will the heart be aweary of beating,
And not die?
Never, O! never, nothing will die;
The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade."

AUG. 31. Of the Soil We Venerate.

"What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round!
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground."

SEPT. 1. Of the Links Which Make Everything One.

"So since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of Nature, soul of Man
And soul of God are blended."

SEPT. 2. In Memory of the Silent Ones.

"We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber.
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!"

SEPT. 3. Of the Highest Trust.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

SEPT. 4. Of the Souls That Do Not Die.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.
Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But tho the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

SEPT 5. Of the Life That Pays.

"O may I join that choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

SEPT. 6. Of the Slow Climbing Sun.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but, for you, possess the field.
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,
And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."

SEPT 7. Of the Temple Not Made With Hands.

"To cloisters of the spirit
These aisles of quiet lead;
Here may the vision gladden,
The voice within us plead!
Here be no man a stranger;
No holy cause be banned;
No good for one be counted
Not good for all the land."

SEPT. 8. For Him Who Dares.

"This is Love's nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with the hand, the body, and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true."

SEPT. 9. For Him Who Seeks Rest.

"Wouldst thou soar upward on joyous wing,
Cast off the earthly burden of the real;
And from this cramped and dungeon-being spring
Into the realm of the Ideal."

SEPT 10. Of the Mood of Surrender.

"Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.
I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine,
Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace."

SEPT. 11. Of the Sweep Onward.

"Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.
Forward, then, but still remember how the course of time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve."

SEPT. 12. For Him Who Has Faith

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

SEPT. 13. Of Nature's Most Solemn Lesson.

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, tho of ample power
To chasten and subdue.
For nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy."

SEPT. 14. Of Him Who Is Always Rich.

"If happiness have not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise or rich or great
But never can be blest."

SEPT. 15. Of What We Think In Life's Afternoon.

"That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.
And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

SEPT. 16. Of the Lesson of Cosmic Law.

"Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die."

SEPT. 17. Of the Glory of the Commonplace.

"Underneath there lies
The common life of every day;
Only the *spirit* glorifies
With its own tints the sober gray.
In vain we look, in vain uplift
Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind;
We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing; what we bring we find."

SEPT. 18. Of Human Fellowship.

"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
And till it comes, we men are slaves
And travel downward to the dust of graves.
To this event the ages ran;
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man!"

SEPT. 19. Of Him Who Knew Peace.

"He walked the dark world, in the mild,
Still guidance of the Light;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right."

SEPT. 20. Of the Center of Calm.

"It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean."

SEPT. 21. For Him Who Never Tries.

"*Labor* is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!"

SEPT. 22. For Him Who Would Not Be a Slave.

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

SEPT. 23. Of the Reign of Law.

"Through the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall,
The rounding seasons come and go,
The tided oceans ebb and flow;
The tokens of a central force,
Whose circles, in their widening course,
O'erlap and move the universe;
The workings of the law whence springs
The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,
And orbs in heaven the morning star."

SEPT. 24. Of the Soul in Things Material.

"And what if trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
With railways ironed o'er?
They are but sailing foam-bells
Along *Thought's* causing stream,
And take their shape and sun-color
From him that sends the dream."

SEPT. 25. Of Communion With Nature

"Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half-create,
And what perceive; well-pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

SEPT. 26. For the Time When the Tears Come.

"O deem not they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years."

SEPT. 27. Of Him Who Never Hesitates.

"Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended,
There's Now—only Now—and no Past—there's never a past; it has ended.
Away with its obsolete story and all of its yesterday sorrow;
There's only to-day, almost gone, and in front of to-day stands to-morrow."

SEPT. 28. For Him Who Will Strive.

"Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth that inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end,—
Not to idle dreams and trances,
Length of face, and solemn tone,
But to Faith, in daily striving
And performance shown."

SEPT. 29. That All Is Well.

"In the tumult and excess
Of act and passion under sun,
We sometimes hear, O, soft and far
As silver star did touch with star,
The kiss of Peace and Righteousness
Through all things that are done."

SEPT. 30. Of the Soul of the Brook.

"And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy tender infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men."

OCT. 1. When the Soul Itself Speaks.

"Hope is no smiling delusion that shames,
Nor folly that reason should scorn;
'Tis the voice of the heart which so loudly proclaims
That we for the better were born.
And that which the inner voice bids us believe
Can never the hope of our spirits deceive."

OCT. 2. Of a Creed Universal.

"Free from its bonds the mind,
The body from the rod;
Broken all chains that bind
The image of our God.
Earth own, at last untrod
By sect, or caste, or clan,
The fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man!"

OCT. 3. Of Growth In Spirit.

"More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness."

OCT. 4. Of the Pleasures of the Mind.

"Companion none is like
Unto the *mind* alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,—
Through thinking, few, or none,
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace."

OCT. 5. Of Life and Destiny.

"We shape, ourselves, the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of Destiny
We reap as we have sown."

OCT. 6. Of Him Who Serves.

"Who puts back into place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in the God's abode."

OCT. 7. For Him Who Would Be Serene.

"How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath!"

OCT. 8. For Him Who Would Be Steadfast.

"His 'No' was 'No' without recall;
His 'Yes' was 'Yes' and powerful all;
He gave his 'Yes' with careful heed;
His thoughts and words were well agreed,
His word, his bond and seal."

OCT. 9. To Him Who Trusts.

"Tho the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Tho with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

OCT. 10. Of the Squirrel to the Mountain.

"All sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place."

OCT. 11. For Him Who Would Be Immortal.

"The energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not *begun*;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

OCT. 12. In the Service of Duty.

"O, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!"

OCT. 13. Of the Measure of a Man.

"Not in the deed that's done before the eyes
Of wonder-stricken lands upturned to view,
But in the *will*,—though no occasion rise,
And sleeping still, that *dares such deeds to do*,
Is drawn the line which parts him from the clods
And gives the man a kinship with the gods."

OCT. 14. Of Spiritual Riches.

"If Thought unlock her mysteries,
If Friendship on me smile,
I walk in marble galleries,
I talk with kings the while."

OCT. 15. Of Light and Darkness.

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself in his own dungeon."

OCT. 16. Of the "Whitening in the Social Fire."

"Voices are crying from the dust to Tyre,
From Baalbec and the stones of Babylon—
'We raised our pillars upon Self-Desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun.'
No house can stand, no kingdom can endure
Built on the crumbling rock of Self-Desire:
Nothing is Living Stone, nothing is sure,
That is not whitened in the Social Fire."

OCT. 17. Of the Man Who Is Free.

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
It matters not how straight the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

OCT. 18. For Him Who Looks Ahead.

"High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
Go down the heavens of Freedom
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need them!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow."

OCT. 19. For Him Who Would Not Swerve.

"Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining reach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

OCT. 20. For Him Who Has Insight.

"Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?
Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,—
Else 'tis no rest."

OCT. 21. Of Him Who Loves Justice.

"Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be!"

OCT. 22. Of the Lost Heroes.

"Gone? In grander form they rise;
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a Hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won—
There are the Heroes' voices heard."

OCT. 23. For Him Who Can See.

"Thick is the darkness—
Sunward, O sunward!
Rough is the highway—
Onward, still onward!
Dawn harbors surely
East of the shadows.
Facing us somewhere
Spread the sweet meadows.
Upward and forward!
Time will restore us:
Light is above us,
Rest is before us."

OCT. 24. For Those Who Are Tempted to Despond

"Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the world inherits—
'Wife and Child, and Fatherland.'
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare, as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good."

OCT. 25. Of the Debts We Owe.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."

OCT. 26. Of the Wind That Always Blows Right.

"My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand ships from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas,
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might crush another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For wind to waft me on my way.
Then whatsoever wind both blow,
My heart is glad to have it so.
And blow it East or blow it West
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

OCT. 27. For Him Who Is in Trouble.

"The rounded world is fair to see,
Nine times folded in mystery;
Tho baffled seers cannot impart
The secret of its laboring heart,
Throb *thine* with Nature's throbbing breast
And all is clear from east to west."

OCT. 28. For the Last of the Flowers.

"The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!
And yet for the things I see
I trust the things to be."

OCT. 29. Of the Measure of Strength.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design."

OCT. 30. Of Him Who Has Peace Within.

"In lowly vales I mount
To pleasure's highest pitch,
My simple dress sure honor brings,
My poor estate is rich.
My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast."

OCT. 31. At the Heart of All.

"Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the center,
Heart-heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day."

NOV. 1. A Plea for Strength.

"A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unshaken be."

NOV. 2. For Him Who Can Wait.

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may abide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light."

NOV. 3. Of the Man in Arms.

"It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

NOV. 4. For Him Who Fights.

"Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.
Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet *faint thou not.*"

NOV. 5. Of the Church of the Soul.

"These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within."

NOV. 6. Of Living True.

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day."

NOV. 7. Of the Glory of Living.

"The things, O Life! thou quickenest, all
Strive upward towards the broad, bright sky.
Upward and outward, and they fall
Back to earth's bosom where they die.
Well, I have had my turn, have been
Raised from the darkness of the clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of God."

NOV. 8. Of the Horizon of the Soul.

"Ye heavens, whose pure, dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great
And yet untroubled and unpassionate;
. . . . you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
How it were good to live there and breathe free:
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!"

NOV. 9. Of the Immortal Good.

"I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,—
The Master seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.
'Twas but the ruin of the bad,—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still."

NOV. 10. Of Truth Triumphant.

"No power can die that ever wrought for Truth;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name."

NOV. 11. Of the Victor's March.

"Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign 'Endure!'
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure."

NOV. 12. Of the Best of All Comrades.

"If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse;
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay."

NOV. 13. Of Love Triumphant.

"Of all the lives lived,
No life is so sweet,
As the life where one thought,
In refrain doth repeat,
Over and over, ever and ever,
Till the life ends,
Altering never.
O! of all the lives lived,
Can be no life so sweet
As the life where one thought
In refrain doth repeat."

NOV. 14. Of Ties Everlasting.

"Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe."

NOV. 15. To Him Who Would Be Fearless.

" 'Wouldst thou,'—so the helmsman answered,
'Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!' "

NOV. 16. Of What Might Be.

"Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by.
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat,—one
Who can rule and dare not lie."

NOV. 17. Of the Source of Strength.

"Is parchment, then, the holy fount before thee,
A draught wherefrom thy thirst forever slakes?
No true refreshment can restore thee,
Save what from thine own soul spontaneous breaks."

NOV. 18. Of the True Eden.

"All before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.
Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy."

NOV. 19. Of the Stars and Their Lesson.

" 'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you.'
From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
'Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.' "

NOV. 20. For Him Who Knows.

"O, our manhood's prime vigor!
No spirit feels waste,
No muscle is stopped in its playing,
No sinew unbraced;—
How good is man's life, the mere living!
How fit to employ
The heart and the soul and the senses
Forever in joy."

NOV. 21. For Him Who Would Learn.

"If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!"

NOV. 22. Of the Higher Paradise.

"In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find,
When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings paradise around."

NOV. 23. Of the Higher Self.

"All we have will'd or hop'd or dream'd of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that prov'd too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by."

NOV. 24. In the World of the Spirit.

"He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
Of all that is most beauteous-imaged there
In happier beauty—more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.
Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue."

NOV. 25. Of Being Satisfied.

"From toil he wins his spirit's light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health."

NOV. 26. Of Kinship Universal.

"For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

NOV. 27. Of the Beauty That Does Not Fade.

"Her love made all things lovely,
For in the heart must live
The feeling that imparts the charm,—
We gain by what we give."

NOV. 28. Of the Man With a Soul.

"His tongue was framed to music,
And his hand was armed with skill,
His face with the mold of beauty,
And his heart the throne of will."

NOV. 29. Of the Pathway of Knowledge.

"No one could tell me where my Soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my Brother out, and found all three."

NOV. 30. Of "Each Accomplished Service of the Day."

"—Each true deed is worship: it is prayer,
And carries its own answer unaware,
Yes, they whose feet upon good errands run
Are friends of God, with Michael of the Sun;
Yes, each accomplished service of the day
Paves for the feet of God a lordlier way.
The souls that love and labor through all wrong,
They clasp his hand and make the circle strong;
They lay the deep foundation stone by stone,
And build into eternity God's throne!"

DEC. 1. Of Love Religious.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good."

DEC. 2. Of the Lost Illusions.

"I grieve not that ripe Knowledge takes away
The charm that Nature to my childhood wore,
For, with that insight, cometh, day by day,
A greater bliss than *wonder* was before;
The real doth not clip the poet's wings,—
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clew to spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed art."

DEC. 3. Of the Birth of the Spirit.

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings;
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

DEC. 4. Of Him Who Keeps On.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
And I answer,—'Tho it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the *doing*,
And the rapture of *pursuing*
Is the prize, the vanquished gain.' "

DEC. 5. Our Trust.

"That all our sorrow, pain and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce."

DEC. 6. Of Beauty Universal.

"There the great Planter plants
Of fruitful worlds the grain,
And with a million spells enchants
The souls that walk in pain.
Still on the seeds of all he made,
The rose of beauty burns;
Through times that wear and forms that fade
Immortal youth returns."

DEC. 7. For Him Who Aspires

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone."

DEC. 8. Of the Star-Like Soul.

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way.
In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

DEC. 9. Of Life Everlasting.

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

DEC. 10. For Him Who Believes.

"I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and tears,—
One upward step of Truth from age to age."

DEC. 11. A Universal Prayer.

"Give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek."

DEC. 12. Of Faith in Man.

"And though I've learned some souls are base,
I would not therefore hate the race;
I still would bless my fellow men,
And trust them, though deceived again.
God help me still to kindly view
The world that I am passing through!"

DEC. 13. For Him Who Would Keep Abreast of Truth.

" 'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.
New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."

DEC. 14. Of the Vanishing Years.

"Look, how they come,—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.
What! grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on!
As idly might I weep, at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone."

DEC. 15. Of the Value of A Random Thought.

"A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet
'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the
hill;
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still!"

DEC. 16. Of Sowing and Reaping.

"Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge."

DEC. 17. Of the Man to Come.

"Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen, race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days.
No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew."

DEC. 18. Of What is Possible in Man.

"All that hath been majestical
In life or death since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all
The angel heart of man.
And thus among the untaught poor
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome."

DEC. 19. Of the Autumn Time.

"I've tried the world—it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised in my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by."

DEC. 20. Of the Life Which Knows No Failure.

"Each has his work and way,
Each has his part and play,
Each has his task to do,
Both of the good and true.
Whether thou'rt grave or gay,
Be thou yet brave and true."

DEC. 21. What the Poet Sees.

"Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,—
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years."

DEC. 22. Of the Invisible Church.

"With noiseless slide of stone to stone
The mystic church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional."

DEC. 23. For Him Who Would Know God.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

DEC. 24. Of High-Souled Deeds.

"There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst unlooked for into high-souled deeds
With wayside beauty rife."

DEC. 25. Of the Love That Never Dies.

"Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
It is the hour of feeling.
One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season."

DEC. 26. Of the Wheel of Fortune.

"Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate.
Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

DEC. 27. Of the Senses of the Soul.

"The senses folding thick and dark
About the stifled soul within,
We guess diviner things beyond,
And yearn to them with yearning fond;
We strike out blindly to a mark
Believed in, but not seen."

DEC. 28. Of Him Who Asks For No Reward.

"We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate.
Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just."

DEC. 29. Of Being Lifted Up.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."

DEC. 30. Of the Staff of Duty.

"Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same."

DEC. 31. Of Looking Into the Future.

"Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper, aid it type,
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way."

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Sept. 17. Henry W. Longfellow. "The Children's Crusade."
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Sept. 19. John Greenleaf Whittier. "Rantoul."
Sept. 20. Henry W. Longfellow. "Building of the Ship."
Sept 21. Frances S. Osgood. "Labor."
Sept. 22. James Russell Lowell. "A Stanza on Freedom."
Sept. 23. John Greenleaf Whittier. "Questions of Life."
Sept. 24. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "The World-Soul."
Sept. 25. William Wordsworth. "Tintern Abbey."
Sept. 26. William Cullen Bryant. "Blessed Are They That Mourn."
Sept. 27. Eugene F. Ware. 1841- .
Sept. 28. John Greenleaf Whittier. "To ————. With a copy of Woolman's Journal."
Sept. 29. Elizabeth B. Browning. "Human Life's Misery."
Sept. 30. William Cullen Bryant. "The Brook."
Oct. 1. Friedrich Schiller. "Hope."
Oct. 2. John Greenleaf Whittier. "Astræa."
Oct. 3. William Wordsworth. "The Happy Warrior."
Oct. 4. Lord Thomas Vaux. "Thought."
Oct. 5. John Greenleaf Whittier. "Raphael."
Oct. 6. Edwin Markham. "Service."
Oct. 7. Sir Henry Wotton. "A Good Man."
Oct. 8. "Inscription on Baron Stein's Tomb." Found as a quotation.
Oct. 9. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. "Translation from a German Poem."
Oct. 10. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "The Squirrel."
Oct. 11. Matthew Arnold. "Sonnet on Immortality."
Oct. 12. William Wordsworth. "Ode to Duty."
Oct. 13. Percy Adams Hutchison. "Measure of a Man."
Oct. 14. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Walden."
Oct. 15. John Milton. "Comus."
Oct. 16. Edwin Markham. "The Witness of the Dust."
Oct. 17. W. E. Henley. "To R. T. H. B."
Oct. 18. Gerald Massey. "To-Day and To-Morrow."
Oct. 19. Henry W. Longfellow. "Building of the Ship."
Oct. 20. John Sullivan Dwight. "True Pleasure."
Oct. 21. William Cullen Bryant. "Our Country's Call."

Oct. 22. Edna Dean Proctor. 1838- . "Our Heroes."
Oct. 23. W. E. Henley. "The Echoes." XI.
Oct. 24. Charles Kingsley. "The World's Age."
Oct. 25. William Shakespeare. "Measure for Measure."
Oct. 26. Author not located. Found in a poem in "Unity."
Oct. 27. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Prefixed to "Essay on Nature."
Oct. 28. John Greenleaf Whittier. "My triumph."
Oct. 29. James Russell Lowell. "The Present Crisis."
Oct. 30. Robert Southwell. "Content and Rich."
Oct. 31. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "The Sphinx."
Nov. 1. James Russell Lowell. "The Beggar."
Nov. 2. William Cullen Bryant. "Blessed Are They That Mourn."
Nov. 3. William Wordsworth. "The Happy Warrior.
Nov. 4. William Cullen Bryant. "The Battle Field."
Nov. 5. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "The Problem."
Nov. 6. John Dryden. "Imitation of Horace." Found as a quotation.
Nov. 7. William Cullen Bryant. "Life."
Nov. 8. Matthew Arnold. "A Summer Night."
Nov. 9. John Greenleaf Whittier. "The Reformer."
Nov. 10. James Russell Lowell. "Sonnet."
Nov. 11. John G. Whittier. "The Burial of Barbour."
Nov. 12. Wm. Wordsworth. "Poems of the Imagination."
Nov. 13. Helen Hunt Jackson. "Refrain."
Nov. 14. Harriet Winslow Sewell. "Why Thus Longing?"
Nov. 15. Henry W. Longfellow. "The Secret of the Sea."
Nov. 16. Alfred Tennyson. "Maud."
Nov. 17. Goethe. "Faust." Bayard Taylor's Translation.
Nov. 18. E. T. Clapp. "The Soul's Prophesy."
Nov. 19. Matthew Arnold. "Self-Dependence."
Nov. 20. Robert Browning. "Saul."
Nov. 21. William Wordsworth. "Forbearance."
Nov. 22. E. T. Clapp. "The Soul's Prophesy."
Nov. 23. Robert Browning. "Abt Vogler."
Nov. 24. William Wordsworth. "Laodamia."
Nov. 25. Thomas Gray. "Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude."
Nov. 26. James Russell Lowell. "The Present Crisis."
Nov. 27. Sarah J. Hale. 1788-1879. "Alice Ray." From The American Anthology.

Nov. 28. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Essay on Power."
Nov. 29. Ernst H. Crosby. 1856- . "The Search." From Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable.
Nov. 30. Edwin Markham. "The Angelus."
Dec. 1. John Greenleaf Whittier. "The Meeting."
Dec. 2. James Russell Lowell. "Sonnet."
Dec. 3. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Introduction to Treatise on "Nature."
Dec. 4. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. "The Wind Over the Chimney."
Dec. 5. John Greenleaf Whittier. "The Meeting."
Dec. 6. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Waldeinsamkeit."
Dec. 7. James Russell Lowell. "Sonnet."
Dec. 8. William Wordsworth. "Sonnet to Milton."
Dec. 9. Henry W. Longfellow. "Charles Sumner."
Dec. 10. James Russell Lowell. "Elegy on the Death of Dr. Channing."
Dec. 11. Theodore Parker. 1810-1860. "The Higher Good."
Dec. 12. Lydia Maria Child. "The World I am Passing Through." From The American Anthology.
Dec. 13. James Russell Lowell. "The Present Crisis."
Dec. 14. William Cullen Bryant. "The Lapse of Time."
Dec. 15. Charles Mackay. "Small Beginnings."
Dec. 16. Percy B. Shelley. "Euganian Hills."
Dec. 17. Ralph Waldo Emerson. "The World-Soul."
Dec. 18. James Russell Lowell. "Incident in a Railway Car."
Dec. 19. William Cullen Bryant. "The Rivulet."
Dec. 20. Eugene F. Ware. "The Child of Fate."
Dec. 21. James Russell Lowell. "Commemoration Ode."
Dec. 22. John Greenleaf Whittier. "The Meeting."
Dec. 23. Alfred Tennyson. "The Flower."
Dec. 24. James Russell Lowell. "Incident in a Railway Car."
Dec. 25. William Wordsworth. "To My Sister."
Dec. 26. Alfred Tennyson. "Enid."
Dec. 27. Elizabeth B. Browning. "Human Life's Misery."
Dec. 28. James Russell Lowell. "The Present Crisis."
Dec. 29. Henry W. Longfellow. "Santa Filomena."
Dec. 30. William Wordsworth. "Ode to Duty."
Dec. 31. Charles Mackay. "Clear the Way."

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